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VOL. 3
NO. 3
JUNE,
1943

Shadow COMICS

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MONSTRODAMUS
THE MAN WHO LIVES FOREVER
MEETS
THE SHADOW
BEHIND THE SCENES WITH
DOUBLE OR NOTHING

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SHADOW COMICS

JULY ISSUE

10¢ A COPY AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

VOL. III, NO. 3; JUNE, 1943

NEXT ISSUE JULY, 1943, ON SALE MAY 28, 1943

SHADOW COMICS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY $1.00 PER 12-ISSUE SUBSCRIPTION 10¢ THE COPY

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Monthly publication issued by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Allen L. Street, President; Gerald H. Smith, Vice President and Treasurer; Henry W. Ralstad, Vice President and Secretary. Copyright, 1943, in U. S. A. and Great Britain by Street & Smith Publications, Inc. Entered as Second-class Matter, August 11, 1942, at the Post Office at New York, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions in Countries in Pan American Union, $1.00 for 12 issues; elsewhere, $1.75 for 12 issues. We cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts or artwork. Any materials submitted must include return postage.

Printed in [redacted] in U. S. A.

STREET & SMITH PUBLICATIONS, INC. 79 SEVENTH AVENUE, N. Y.

THE Shadow MEETS MONSTRODAMUS!

THE SHADOW, WITH HIS POWER OF INVISIBILITY, MUST CONQUER MONSTRODAMUS, MASTER OF PAST AND FUTURE, WHOSE ELIXIR OF LIFE RENDERS HIM IMMUNE FROM DEATH!!

STORY BY MAXWELL GRANT
ILLUSTRATED BY JACK BINDER


IN THIS STRANGE CASTLE, LOST IN A SECLUDED GLEN, DWELLS AN EVIL BRAIN INHABITING A HUMAN FORM THAT IT HAS OCCUPIED FOR CENTURIES, FORMING THE CREATURE WHO CALLS HIMSELF... MONSTRODAMUS !!
COME, OPTIMUS! SUMMON THE OTHER SERVANTS! ONCE MORE SHALL I SHARE THE ELIXIR THAT ENABLES US TO LIVE FOR CENTURIES!
AYE, SIR!
DRINK WITH US, MAXIMUS AND FORTISSIMUS, AND TO THE EVIL WE SHALL SOON ACCOMPLISH!
TO EVIL!
AND MORE OF IT!
OPEN THE ROOF, MAXIMUS, SO WE CAN RELEASE OUR POWER OF DESTRUCTION!
AYE!

ONE HOUR LATER--

YOOW!

HUH! ANOTHER 'UN! LOOKS LIKE A DEADER, SAME AS THE LAST 'UN!

THERE GOES THE CRITTER, LIKE BEFORE. I BETTER TELL THE SHERIFF ON'T!

The NEXT DAY--

UXTRY! GLENDALE DEVIL TAKES ANOTHER VICTIM!

THAT SETTLES IT, MARGO. WE'LL GET SKEET AND GO TO GLENDALE!

LOOK, CHIEF, THERE'S A CROWD OF PEOPLE OVER ON THAT HILL!

THAT MUST BE WHERE THEY FOUND THE VICTIM.

WE'LL STOP AND HAVE A LOOK.

WHY.... LOOK AT THESE GIGANTIC FOOTMARKS GOING UP THE HILL!

HOPPING RIGHT ON TO THE ROOF OF THAT SHED!

WITH ANOTHER JUMP TO THE BARN ROOF FOR A TAKE-OFF!

LOOKIT, SHERIFF!!

MEBBE SOME JOKER WALKED THIS STONE WALL AND POKED THEM MARKS IN THE SNOW, SHERIFF!

I FIGGER THE FELLOW JUST USED BIG SNOW-SHOES!

THEY SAY A MAN NAMED JED SAW THE CREATURE, CHIEF!

BUT SUCH A THING COULDN'T BE!

WE'LL GO TO THE INQUEST AND FIND OUT!

. AND YOU SAW THE CRITTER, JED?

SURE DID, CORONER. IT JUMPED CLEAR OVER THE MOON!

OVER THE MOON, HA, HA!

HEAR THAT, SHERIFF?

JED IS CRAZY, AL RIGHT!

I GUESS THAT SETTLES IT, LAMONT!

THE ONLY THING SETTLED IS THAT TWO WEALTHY MEN WERE SLAIN BY SOME UNKNOWN CAUSE!

NOBODY COULD HAVE PUT THOSE FOOT-TRACKS ON THE BARN ROOF!

BUT HOW COULD ANYTHING JUMP OVER THE MOON?

OVER THE MOON! HA, HA, HA!

CRACKED BY CRACKY!

THERE'S AN ECCENTRIC INVENTOR LIVING IN THIS VICINITY. I'D LIKE TO KNOW MORE ABOUT HIM! WE'LL LOOK FOR HIS PLACE.

OVER THE MOON-- IMPOSSIBLE!

I BELIEVE THOSE PEOPLE ACTUALLY SUSPECT US, FORTISSIMUS!

I SHALL DISPOSE OF THEM IMMEDIATELY, MASTER.

YOU MEAN THE INVENTOR MAY HAVE SWINDLED THOSE TWO WEALTHY CHAPS AND THEN DISPOSED OF THEM?

EXACTLY. IT WOULD TAKE A LOT OF MONEY TO BUILD A CASTLE LIKE THIS!

NOT YET! THEY ARE DRIVING AWAY. WE MUST LET THEM WAIT, UNTIL WE HAVE DISPOSED OF OUR THIRD VICTIM!

YOUR WORD IS LAW, MONSTRO-DAMUS.

THAT CASTLE WAS LIKE A FORTRESS, CHIEF!

EXCEPT FOR THE GLASS ROOF IN THE CENTER, AND THAT'S THE PART THAT INTERESTS ME MOST.

BUT, LAMONT, I--

YOU STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND THE MOON STORY.

VERY WELL, THE MOON IS RISING, SO I'LL MAKE IT CLEAR.

WHAT A WONDERFUL MOON, LAMONT!

NEVER MIND THE MOON. WATCH THAT SQUIRREL WHILE SKEET SHAKES THE TREE!

O.K., CHIEF.

THERE HE GOES!

WHY-- WHY--

WHY, IT JUMPED RIGHT OVER THE MOON!

THE WAY JED'S DEVIL DID. HE DIDN'T MEAN THAT IT JUMPED TO THE FAR SIDE OF THE MOON!

THAT PROVES JED WAS RIGHT!

WHAT NEXT, CHIEF?

I'M GOING TO FIND A WAY INTO THAT CASTLE. MEANWHILE YOU TWO CAN WATCH THE PLACE, BUT KEEP A SAFE DISTANCE!

I'LL SAY WE WILL!

ALL READY, MR. CRANSTON.

GOOD. I'LL BE BACK BY DAWN.

SPEEDING TO THE AIRPORT WHERE HE KEEPS HIS AUTOGIRO, LAMONT CRANSTON TAKES OFF AND BECOMES THE SHADOW!

HEY! WHAT'S THAT! MAYBE IT'S THE FLYING DEVIL!

THAT LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER VICTIM ON HIS WAY! I'LL SCARE HIM WITH A SILENT SWOOP!

GAS STATION

THAT DID IT!

SAVE ME! SAA-AA-VE ME!

NO GAS

SAVE YOU WHAT?

ENOUGH GAS TO GET HOME -- IF YOU'VE GOT IT!

OUR NEXT VICTIM SHOULD BE WITHIN RANGE, MASTER.

THE FOOL, TO TRUST ME AS THE OTHERS DID. VERY WELL, WE SHALL PREPARE!

OPEN THE WAY, MAXIMUS, AND I SHALL RELEASE THE NOBLE SPECIMEN THAT I RAISED FROM A PRE-HISTORIC EGG!

AYE, MASTER!

LOOK, SKEET-- THE ROOF IS COMING UP!

I'LL SAY IT IS -- AND THAT'S ALL THE BETTER FOR THE CHIEF!

LOOK WHAT'S COMING OUT.. THE DEVIL THING THAT JED SAW!

HOLD ON! IT'S GOING THE OTHER WAY. IT'S A PTERODACTYL!

A PAIR OF -- WHAT?

YOU PRONOUNCE IT "TER-O-DAK-TIL" AND IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE EXTINCT! NO WONDER JED MISTOOK IT FOR A FLYING DEVIL!

COME ON, MARGO. WE'RE GOING UP TO THE CASTLE.

BUT LAMONT SAID TO KEEP A SAFE DISTANCE!

THE CLOSER WE ARE, THE SAFER WHILE THAT DEVIL THING IS OUT!

THAT SOUNDS SENSIBLE. WELL, LET'S LOOK AROUND.

I'LL GO ONE WAY, AND YOU GO ANOTHER!

WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG --OOOOHH!

WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S GOT ME!

RIGHT OVER THE ROOF!

TOUGH LUCK, MARGO!

AND DOWN THE MIDDLE

AH! ANOTHER PROWLER APPREHENDED BY MY WATCHFUL DINOSAUR!

AN OPEN ROOF, AS I EXPECTED. HERE'S WHERE I SLANT RIGHT INTO THE DOCK AND GIVE THEM A SURPRISE!

ALMOST THERE! NOW FOR A FADE-OUT. MY POWER OF INVISIBILITY WILL FOOL THEM!

AS THE SHADOW NEARS HIS LANDING, THE PTERODACTYL, RETURNING FROM A FUTILE SEARCH FOR A VICTIM, STARTS ITS FINAL HOP BACK TO THE CASTLE!!

They MEET, THESE WINGED EXPERIMENTS OF NATURE AND MAN, IN A TITANIC CRASH ABOVE THE CASTLE!

THAT'S ONE LESS PTERODACTYL -- AND ONE LESS AUTOGIRO!

WHAT NOW!

WHOEVER HE IS, I CAN'T SEE HIM!
HE'S OVER HERE! NO--
HERE HE IS! I'VE GOT HIM!
SEIZE HIM, YOU FOOLS!
CHIEF--
I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MOMENT!
WHAT MOMENT!
WE'VE ALL GOT HIM!
THAT FALL JARRED HIM!
AND SO WILL THIS!
TOO BAD THE CHIEF LOST HIS INVISIBLE POWER WHEN THEY KNOCKED HIM COLD!
IT WAS JUST LUCK THEY DID!
LUCK? BAH! LIKE MYSELF, MY SERVANTS ARE FORTIFIED WITH THE ELIXIR OF LIFE!
STAY HERE, YOU MEDDLERS, AND WATCH WHAT HAPPENS TO THE SHADOW!
IT'S A QUICKSAND!
LOOKS LIKE WE'LL STAY --FOR KEEPS!

THANKS TO THIS ELIXIR OF LIFE, I HAVE LIVED FOR CENTURIES! FROM THE PAST I HAVE BROUGHT FORGOTTEN MONSTERS!

LIKE NOSTRADAMUS I CAN PREDICT THE FUTURE, FOR I CAN SHAPE IT WITH MY CREATURES! HENCE MY TITLE -- MONSTRODAMUS!

LOOK AT YOURSELF IN THIS MIRROR, SHADOW, AND SEE THE FEAR YOU SHOW!

DON'T LOOK NOW, SKEET!

HOW CAN I WITH MUD IN MY EYE?

IN THIS BOX, I HAVE THE MOST TERRIBLE OF ALL MONSTERS, A **BASILISK**, CAPTURED IN THE DARK OF THE MOON FROM THE HOT SANDS OF THE SAHARA DESERT!

THE VERY GLANCE OF THE BASILISK MEANS INSTANT DEATH! GAZE, SHADOW--AND DIE!

TURN THE PAGE SLOWLY, READER -- EVEN IN PICTURE FORM, THE GLANCE OF THE BASILISK IS DANGEROUS!!!

AS THE SERVANTS TURN THEIR HEADS, THE SHADOW SLUGS THEM--

BAM!

-- AND TURNS THE MIRROR TOWARD THE BASILISK'S OWN DEADLY EYES!

THAT'S THE WAY TO HANDLE BASILISKS!

MY BASILISK! SLAIN BY ITS OWN REFLECTED GLANCE!

THE SHADOW --I CAN'T SEE HIM!

HE'S TURNED INVISIBLE AGAIN. HANG ON UNTIL HE HELPS US!

HOLD TIGHT, WHILE I KICK THIS SWITCH!

WHY-WHY, THE SLAB IS TAKING US UP!

IT'S THE PLATFORM ON AN ELEVATOR PLUNGER!

JUST ONE OF THE THINGS MONSTRODAMUS NEEDED MONEY TO INSTALL!

WHY THE ELEVATOR?

BECAUSE MONSTRODAMUS HAD TO HOIST THE PTERODACTYL TO THE ROOF SO IT COULD TAKE OFF!

OOH! HERE'S THE DINOSAUR AGAIN!

HANG ON AND LET IT CARRY YOU OUTDOORS. THEN SLAP IT BACK TO ME

GET THE CANNON, OPTIMUS!

AYE, MASTER!

BUT THEY'RE GONE, MASTER!

THE SHADOW MAY STILL BE THERE! FIRE, FOOL!

SWING OUT, FELLOW!

THAT DINOSAUR IS CERTAINLY PEACEFUL!

NOT WHEN EXCITED LIKE THIS!

BANG!

BOOM!!

OR LIKE THAT!

THAT MUST BE THE CANNON!!

HURRY! WE'VE JUST TIME TO GET CLEAR!

THAT THING SURE WENT BERSERK!

IT'S BRINGING DOWN THE WHOLE CASTLE!

WAS THAT THE END OF MONSTRODAMUS?

UNFORTUNATELY NO. HIS ELIXIR WILL ENABLE HIM TO SURVIVE. I STILL MUST FIND A WAY TO DESTROY HIM!

CRIME STRIKES THE Shadow

STORY BY MAXWELL GRANT
ILLUSTRATED BY JACK BINDER

CRIMELAND'S BIG-SHOTS PREPARE FOR A COME-BACK!

WITH ALL THESE DIM-OUTS, A CRIME WAVE OUGHT TO BE A CINCH!

YEAH--EXCEPT FOR THE SHADOW --NOWADAYS HE'S **TWICE** AS INVISIBLE AS HE USED TO BE!

I HAVE SOLVED THE SHADOW QUESTION, GENTS--

ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE DOCTOR ZEE!

YEAH? WHAT'S HIS RACKET?

MY **BUSINESS**, GENTLEMEN, IS TO TRAP THE SHADOW!

ULTRA-VIOLET LIGHT REVEALS MUCH THAT THE EYE CAN, NOT NORMALLY SEE.

I SHALL DEMONSTRATE!

SAY--IT'S UNCANNY!

IT'S EVEN UNCORNY!

TURN IT OFF, DOC. WE'RE WOOZY!

I BELIEVE THAT ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS, PROJECTED ON A LARGE SCALE, WOULD COUNTERACT THE SHADOW'S FAMED INVISIBILITY!

YOU HAVE A BIG PROJECTOR, DOC?

YES, READY WHENEVER YOU NEED IT!

ALL WE NEED IS THE TIME AND PLACE.

I'LL FIX THOSE RIGHT AWAY.

HELLO, AL--YEAH, THIS IS LULU--YOU WANT ME TO BLUFF THE COMMISSIONER? OKAY--

LATER

AND I'VE RECEIVED WEIRD PHONE CALLS, TELLING ME NOT TO APPEAR IN THE SHOW THAT OPENS AT THE ROYAL ROOF!

WE'LL LOOK AFTER IT, MISS MARINA.

IT SOUNDS LIKE THE SHADOW!

YOU SEE, CRANSTON, THE ROYAL ROOF IS OPERATED BY AN EX-RACKETEER NAMED AL GOLZO.

AND WE FIGURE THERE'S SOMETHING PHONEY. SO WE'RE LETTING THE SHADOW SETTLE IT.

AN EXCELLENT IDEA.

BUT, LAMONT. IF THE SHADOW DIDN'T CALL LULU, WHO DID?

NOBODY! IT'S A FRAME-UP. WE'LL HANDLE IT.

ROYAL ROOF GARDEN

YOU BETCHA, BOSS!

AROUND TO THE REAR STREET, SHREVVY

O.K., BOSS. I CAN PARK THERE EASY.

YOU MEAN I'M GOING UP TO THE ROOF, LAMONT?

EXACTLY, MARGO. I'M SENDING SKEET UP TO HELP YOU GRAB LULU WHEN THE TROUBLE STARTS. SHREVVY WILL BE WAITING.

THIS WAY, SKEET. WE'LL USE THE SERVICE ELEVATOR.

SO LULU IS JUST THE COME-ON! WE'LL GRAB HER, CHIEF, WHILE YOU HANDLE THE REST.

SERVICE

NOT A SIGN OF A COPPER!

I KNEW THEY'D LEAVE IT TO THE SHADOW!

AND THAT LEAVES THE SHADOW TO US!

KNIFE-JUGGLERS! I WONDER WHERE THEY DUG UP **THAT** ACT!

LULU IS ON NEXT.!

THAT'S WHERE THE SHADOW COMES IN.!

AND SO DO WE.!

STAY RIGHT HERE, SKEET.

OKAY, CHIEF!

TRICK SHARP-SHOOTERS. ARE THEY TERRIBLE.!

SO THAT'S LULU MARINA, THE ADAGIO DANCER.!

LOOK AT LULU STOP IN MID-AIR.!

THE SHADOW HAS CAUGHT HER--THAT'S WHY.!

HERE YOU COME, SKEET.!

RIGHT OVER THE PLATE, CHIEF.!

THAT'S PUTTING LULU OUT OF CIRCULATION. WITH THIS GUN, I'LL PERSUADE HER TO STAY OUT.!

OUR CROWD STILL CAN'T SEE THE SHADOW.!

THEY WILL THOUGH.! LIGHTS, DOCTOR.!

HEH.!

CLICK.!

AS THE ULTRA-VIOLET GLARE REVEALS THE SHADOW, HE RECEIVES A MASS ATTACK FROM CUSTOMERS, WAITERS, ACTORS -- ALL KILLERS PLANTED HERE BY AL GOLZO AND HIS CRONIES!

IT'S THE SHADOW, ALL RIGHT!

THIS IS THE TIME WE GET HIM --

FOR KEEPS!

PUNK!

NO LUCK, SHADOW! THE GLASS IS BULLET-PROOF!

BANG!

NOW FOR SOME QUICK WORK BEFORE THEY RALLY!

CRASH!

BANG!

THAT GLASS ISN'T BULLET-PROOF!

I'LL SAY IT AIN'T!

YOW!

THE SHADOW USES HIS REMAINING SHOTS TO BRING DOWN PANES FROM THE GLASS ROOF!

THOSE PANES WERE A PAIN TO THEM!

HE'S GETTING AWAY! STOP HIM!

PLUNG

BUT NOW THEY'RE NO LONGER AN OBSTACLE TO ME!

THERE HE GOES!

THE CHIEF MADE IT! LET'S GO!

I'M NOT COMING!

OH, YES YOU ARE!

GET THAT PROJECTOR UP THERE!

NOW TO BEAT THE VIOLET LIGHT!

GOOD! THAT'S WHERE WE'LL GO NEXT!

AND TELL US THE REST!

DR. ZEE INVENTED THE ULTRA-VIOLET PROJECTOR. HE HAS A LABORATORY--

BUT WHY DID YOU LET LULU GO?

SO SHE CAN TELL THEM WHERE WE'VE GONE! BUT WE'RE STOPPING AT **MY OWN** LAB ON THE WAY!

COME ON, DOC! LET'S ROLL THAT THING OUT BEFORE THE COPS GET HERE!

SAY-- HERE'S LULU!

THE SHADOW HAS GONE TO BUST UP YOUR LAB, DOCTOR ZEE!

SERVICE ELEVATOR

SO THIS IS ZEE'S LABORATORY!

THIS IS ONE OF HIS PROJECTORS, CHIEF!

TAKE OUT THE BULB AND PUT **MINE** IN ITS PLACE!

WE LOST TIME STOPPING TO GET YOUR BULB. HERE THEY COME!

STEP AROUND THE CORNER. I'LL HANDLE THEM!

COME ON, GANG!

WE'VE GOT YOU THIS TIME, SHADOW!

ALL RIGHT, SKEET--

HEH!

GIVE IT!

RED LIGHT-- SAY, THAT WAS AN INFRA-RED BULB THE CHIEF GAVE ME!

MEETING, THE BEAMS OF ULTRA-VIOLET AND INFRA-RED NEUTRALIZE INTO NORMAL LIGHT, IN WHICH THE SHADOW VANISHES!

I DON'T SEE THE SHADOW!

HE'S GONE AGAIN!

WHERE?

RIGHT HERE--

UUUHH!!

AND OVER HERE!

DON'T SHOOT! I GIVE UP!

GURGLE!

YOU'RE LATE, CRANSTON! THE SHADOW JUST MOPPED UP THREE BIG-SHOTS WHO TRIED TO START A CRIME-WAVE!

SORRY COMMISSIONER. I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE THE SHADOW IN ACTION!

THEY'LL KEEP UNTIL THE POLICE GET HERE!

THAT WON'T BE LONG! I HEAR THE SIRENS!

Beebo of Jungle Isle and his Wonder Horse Fleet in The Cannibals Return

STORY BY ED GRUSKIN
ILLUSTRATED BY JACK BINDER

A GIANT, PRE-HISTORIC DINOSAUR IS WASHED UP ON JUNGLE ISLE BY THE TIDAL WAVE. IT COMES TO LIFE ... CRASHES THROUGH THE JUNGLE LEAVING A TRAIL OF DEATH TO ATTACK **BEEBO** AT THE LOOKOUT POST ATOP THE TREE-OF-THE-CLOUDS ...

Beebo BRAVELY LEAPS TO THE MONSTER'S NECK WITH DRAWN "FANG"...

BY THE **FANG** THAT MADE ME **KING OF THE JUNGLE**..... **YOU DIE!**

POOR **BEEBO** HAS STRUCK WITH HIS FANG MANY TIMES IN THE BRAIN... BUT THE MONSTER STILL LIVES!

THEN THE BRAIN IS NOT THE **DEATH SPOT**.. **BEEBO** MUST TRY ANOTHER PART OF ITS BODY!

MADDENED MORE BY THE STINGING PAIN OF THE "FANG", THE MONSTER TWISTS... SHAKES HIS HEAD AND NECK TO SHAKE OFF BEEBO!...

Suddenly, HE HEADS FOR THE SEA!...

HE CAN'T SHAKE ME OFF... SO HE WOULD DROWN ME!

Realizing THAT HIS BLOWS TO THE BRAIN ARE INEFFECTIVE, BEEBO CUTS THROUGH THE TOUGH SKIN- TRYING TO SEVER THE SPINAL CORD!

IT IS MY LAST HOPE!

But THE NEXT INSTANT... THEY ARE GONE FROM SIGHT!

OH MY **BEEBO**... MY POOR, POOR **BEEBO**... LYING DEAD AND FULL OF WATER AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA!... WOE... WOE... WOE...

SILENCE!... SPEAK NOT OF **BEEBO'S** DEATH, YOU HAVEN-OF-FLEAS... HE WILL RETURN --- HE HAS BEFORE!

I WILL FLY OUT TO LOOK FOR HIM!

Meantime, LUNGS BURSTING, **BEEBO** IS STILL ALIVE... FIGHTING ON, SLASHING DOWN THROUGH THE THICK SKIN FOR THE **DEATH SPOT**!

FINALLY HE REACHES IT!... THE FANG SLASHES THROUGH THE SPINAL CORD!

THE **DINOSAUR** IS **DEAD**! SCAVENGER SHARKS RUSH TO FEAST UPON THE CARCASS AS IT SINKS! **BEEBO** – HIS STRENGTH GONE, HIS BREATH ESCAPING – SHOOTS TO THE SURFACE AS EVERYTHING TURNS BLACK!

IS IT THE MONSTER'S BLOOD... OR... OR BEEBO'S

Meanwhile, BALDY CIRCLES THE BLOOD - RED SEA WAITING... HOPING..

SUDDENLY...

BEEBO!-- SAFE!

IN SHORT MINUTES, BALDY IS WINGING THE LIMP FIGURE TOWARDS THE LOOKOUT HOUSE!

LIFE STILL STIRS WITHIN OUR KING!... I CAN FEEL HIS BREATH COME HARD AND SLOW...

LIFE STILL LINGERS WITHIN HIM... BUT GETS WEAKER!

IT IS THE WATER WITHIN THAT TRIES TO DROWN HIM... IT MUST BE PUSHED OUT!

WE MUST SAVE HIM... WE **MUST** SAVE HIM... BUT HOW?

WHEN I LIVED BACK IN THE WORLD OF HUMANS I SAW HOW THEY PUSHED OUT THE WATER TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE LIFE-GIVING AIR... YOU, CHEETA, PRESS HARD ON BOTH SIDES OF HIS BACK... THEN LET GO .. THEN DO IT AGAIN ..

LIKE THIS?

YES... **BUT PRESS** HARDER AND LET GO QUICKER. SOON THE WATER WILL RUN OUT FROM HIS MOUTH!


AS CHEETA PRESSES THE WATER BEGINS TO RUN OUT!
AND AFTER A TIME...
OH... I FEEL... LIKE... SWALLOWED SEA...
YOU SPEAK... NOW! I - CHEETA - HAVE BROUGHT YOU BACK TO LIFE!
YOU HAVE DONE WELL, LITTLE CHEETA!
THANK YOU ALL GOOD FRIENDS FOR YOUR PART IN SAVING MY LIFE!
WE THANK YOU, BEEBO, FOR COMING BACK TO US!
CRRERRACCCCCCC!
YIK-YIK!... YES - FOR COMING BACK TO US!
THEY QUICKLY TELL BEEBO HOW BALOY RESCUED HIM, HOW FLEET REMEMBERED HOW TO PUSH THE WATER OUT AND HOW CHEETA DID IT...
NIGHT FALLS OVER JUNGLE ISLE. WHILE THE NIGHT ANIMALS AND BIRDS HUNT, SCREAM AND EAT, THE KEEPERS OF LOOKOUT HOUSE EARN A WELL-DESERVED SLEEP...
SHIELDED FROM THE SHARP WIND, BEEBO, FLEET AND CHEETA SLUMBER SOUNDLY.
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, FLEET AWAKENS, SNIFFING THE AIR WITH ALARM!
THE HUMAN SMELL! - IT HAS COME AGAIN!

AWAKENING THE OTHERS, THEY ALL GO OUT TO SEE ...

THERE!... YOUR NOSE WAS NOT DECEIVED YOU, FLEET! THEY COME IN THE THING - THAT-WALKS-THE-WATER.

I FEAR THEY HAVE COME BACK TO KILL US BECAUSE WE DROVE THEM AWAY LAST TIME!

YIK - YIK! OH WOE AND WORRY! ... IS THERE NEVER A MOMENT'S PEACE?

HAVE NO FEAR!... I WILL SWOOP DOWN, PLUCK THEM UP AND DROP THEM TO DEATH FROM HIGH IN THE SKY!

NO... NO, GOOD BALDY! ... THEY HAVE BIRD STICKS THAT WOULD FLY OUT AND KILL YOU BEFORE YOU REACHED THEM!

THERE IS NO BIRD IN THE SKY I CANNOT KILL... I FEAR NOT THIS BIRD - STICK!

YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND ... IT IS A STICK WITH A SHARP POINT THAT THEY SEND THROUGH THE AIR. IT PIERCES THE BODY LIKE BEEBO'S FANG.

AND LIKE MY FANG IT IS NOT ALIVE WHEN IT IS NOT BEING USED!

IF THIS IS SO... WHAT CAN WE DO?

I WILL THINK OF A PLAN... A PLAN TO DRIVE THEM AWAY FOREVER!

SHHH... YIK - YIK... SHHH! BEEBO THINKS AND WHEN BEEBO THINKS... THINGS HAPPEN!

MEANWHILE, THE WARRIOR CHIEF WHOM BEEBO, FLEET AND CHEETA ONCE BEFORE DROVE FROM JUNGLE ISLE, RETURNS WITH CANNIBAL WARRIORS!

I RETURN LIKE I SWEAR!...

... AND NOW, WHITE DEVIL BOY I WILL SLAY YOU!

WHILE THE CANNIBAL CHIEF VOWS HIS DEATH, BEEBO GETS HIS IDEA!

LISTEN...HEAR MY PLAN!... WE WILL SUMMON THE ANIMALS OF MY KINGDOM AND HAVE THEM DRIVE THE OUTSIDERS INTO POISON LAKE!

GOOD... GOOD!... NOTHING LIVES THAT FALLS IN THERE!

YIK - YIK! ... INTO POISON LAKE!

BEEBO SENDS OUT HIS MESSAGE TO THE JUNGLE ANIMALS!

ALL HEAR THE ORDERS!

IT IS BEEBO OUR KING!... HE ORDERS US TO DRIVE THE INVADERS ON THE NORTH BEACH INTO POISON LAKE!

HIS ORDER IS OUR COMMAND! LET US GO!

UNAWARE OF THE PLOT AGAINST THEM, BECAUSE THEY DO NOT UNDERSTAND ANIMAL LANGUAGE, THE CANNIBALS ENTER THE JUNGLE...

KEEP SHARP WATCH FOR SLEEPING BOY ON GROUND!

MAYBE WE CATCH HIM WHILE HE SLEEP!... WE KILL HIM EASY THEN!

IT STILL TOO DARK TO LOOK. WE CAMP TILL SUN-UP. MAKE FIRE!

YES CHIEF.

AS THE FIRST TONGUE OF FLAME LEAPS FROM THE DRIED TWIGS AND LEAVES, THE ANIMALS HAVE CLOSED IN... AND SILENTLY, MONOTONOUSLY, PITILESSLY...











THE CANNIBALS CAME TO BRING DEATH TO BEEBO. THEIR RASH ACT MIGHT WELL, AS FLEET SAYS, BRING DEATH TO ALL - INCLUDING THEMSELVES. IS THERE A MIRACLE THAT CAN SAVE JUNGLE ISLE?

THE STARTLING, AWE-INSPIRING, HAIR-RAISING CLIMAX IS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SHADOW COMICS!

THE HOODED WASP

THE FLAME BURNS AGAIN

THE FLAME HORRIFIC MENACE FROM THE UNDERWORLD, HAS TWICE ESCAPED THE FATAL VENGEANCE OF THE HOODED WASP, DARING CHAMPION OF LAW, ORDER AND SANITY. REALIZING THAT HIS ONLY CHANCE TO CREATE A LASTING REIGN OF TERROR IS TO KILL THE HOODED WASP THE FLAME FORMULATES A PLAN TO STRIKE AT HIM THROUGH WASPLET AND BABE, THE WASP'S TWO YOUNG CONFIDANTS...

INVETERATE RUG-CUTTERS, WASPLET AND BABE ARE ENJOYING A 'SNAKE-HIP' GATHERING AT A FRIEND'S HOUSE...

ZA ZU ZA...YOU'RE COOKIN' WITH GAS, BABE!

THIS IS NOTHING, WASPLET, I'M JUST GETTIN UP STEAM!

SUDDENLY -

TAKE A POWDER, SONNY! LET A REAL JIVE-GUY SLIDE WITH THIS COOKIE!

HEY!...

WHAT'S THE IDEA?

WHY YOU DROOP-FACED DROOL... I'M GONNA POKE THAT SMUG GRIN RIGHT DOWN YOUR THROAT!

HUH?..OKAY!...OKAY!... LET'S STEP OUTSIDE AND SEE IF YOU CAN!

POLISH HIM OFF FAST, WASPLET... I DON'T WANT TO LOSE STEAM!

KEEP YOUR MOTOR RUNNING.. I'LL BE BACK IN A FLASH!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

COME ON, WISE GUY... PUT 'EM UP AND CUT STALLIN'....

WHAT FOR?

THAT'S WHAT I CALL... PUTTIN' HIM ON ICE!

EVERYTHING WORKED JUST LIKE YOU PLANNED, FLAME... DID I EARN MY TEN BUCKS?

YEAH... YEAH!.. THROW HIM IN QUICK!

HERE'S YOUR TEN BUCKS.. BUT IF YOU BREATHE ONE WORD OF THIS TO ANYBODY HERE'S THE KNIFE THAT'LL SLIT YOUR THROAT!

T-TAKE IT A-AWAY!.. I...I.. WON'T B'-BLAB..H-HONEST!

PHEWWW... THAT FLAME IS TOUGH! OH WELL... NOW FOR SOME FUN... I'M GONNA MAKE WASPLET'S "COOKIE" MINE BY BLOWIN' ON HER THE WHOLE TEN BUCKS I GOT FOR KIDNAPPIN' HIM - HEHEHEH!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, WHEN WASPLET FAILS TO RETURN TO THE HOUSE.

I DON'T BELIEVE YOU, JIVE-GUY . . . YOU AREN'T CAPABLE OF KNOCKING WASPLET OUT. WASPLET CAN MAKE MEAT BALLS OUT OF YOU WITH ONE HAND TIED BEHIND HIS BACK!

OH YEAH? WHAT MAKES YOU THINK SO?

THIS! IF I CAN KNOCK YOU COLD WITH ONE PUNCH, WASPLET CAN DO IT JUST BY WAVIN' HIS FIST!

TALK UP YOU JIVE-RAT WHAT HAPPENED TO WASPLET!

H-HE'S B-BEEN K-KIDNAPPED B-BY TH-THE F-FLAME!

MEANWHILE THE FLAME TAKES WASPLET TO A DESERTED BRICK FACTORY AND SHOWS HIM THE FATE IN STORE FOR HIM.

THIS TIME THE HOODED WASP WILL DIE.. BUT IF HE DOES NOT GIVE HIMSELF UP WITHIN ONE HOUR, YOU WILL BE ROASTED TO DEATH IN THIS OVEN!

DO ME MEDIUM RARE, WILL YOU FLAME? ... THAT'S THE WAY I LIKE MY STEAKS!

BABE QUICKLY CALLS THE HOODED WASP...

I'LL PICK YOU UP RIGHT AWAY, BABE... HOLD ON TO THAT JIVE-GUY AND TRY TO FIND OUT WHERE THE FLAME TOOK WASPLET!

CLOSE THE DOOR! KEEP THE FIRE LOW FOR THE TIME BEING SO I CAN CALL THE HOODED WASP AND GIVE HIM TIME TO GET HERE BEFORE WASPLET IS COOKED!

AS THE WASP PREPARES TO LEAVE, THE PHONE AGAIN RINGS... IT IS THE FLAME!

RIGHT NOW YOUR PRECIOUS WASPLET IS ROASTING IN A BRICK OVEN.. IF YOU DON'T GIVE YOURSELF UP TO ME IMMEDIATELY...

ENOUGH SAID... I'LL BE RIGHT OUT!

MINUTES LATER, THE HOODED WASP PICKS UP BABE....

HOP IN!... AND PUT THE CLOTHES IN THAT BUNDLE ON. WASPLET'S IN TROUBLE AND WE'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM!

A COSTUME... AND ALL FOR ME!

YEP... FROM NOW ON YOU'RE HONEY WASP!

THE JIVE-GUY TOLD ME THAT THE FLAME TOOK WASPLET TO THE DESERTED BRICK OVENS OUTSIDE OF TOWN.

I KNOW...THE FLAME CALLED ME... I THINK I'VE AN IDEA HOW WE CAN SAVE WASPLET AND TURN THE TOASTING ON THE FLAME...

LEAVING THE CAR A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE DESERTED FACTORY, WASP AND HONEY WASP SPEED FORWARD...

WHEEE... IN THIS COSTUME I FEEL LIGHT AS A FEATHER AND FAST AS THE WIND..

ITS MATERIALS HAVE CERTAIN PROPERTIES WHICH MAKE YOU FASTER AND STRONGER THAN ANY OTHER GIRL ALIVE WHEN YOU WEAR IT!!

AS WASP AND HONEY WASP HURRY TO HIS AID, WASPLET LIES POWERLESS IN THE RED-HOT OVEN, TORTURED WITH BLISTERING PAIN...

CAN'T.. STAND.. MUCH..MORE... HOPE WASP.. DOESN'T..GIVE..SELF..UP FOR ME! I'D..RATHER..DIE.

HEHEHH! WHY DON'T YOU TURN OVER SO YOU'LL BE WELL DONE ON BOTH SIDES. HEHEH!.. HAHAHAHH!...

OKAY...CHEF...YOU'RE THE...COOK...AN... KNOW..WHAT'S..BEST!.

OHHH... POOR WASPLET!

SHHH... WE'LL HAVE HIM OUT OF THERE IN A JIFFY!

STAND WATCH – IF ANYTHING HAPPENS WARN ME WITH TWO SHARP WHISTLES!

OKE!.. AND GOOD LUCK!

HOPE THAT VENTILATOR CONNECTS WITH THE OVEN WASPLET'S IN!

AH!..THERE HE IS!.. BUT IN PRETTY BAD SHAPE! HOPE HE'S STRONG ENOUGH TO GET INSIDE THE ROPE LOOP WHEN I DROP IT!

A-A ROPE! HOPE I'M NOT DELIRIOUS— SEEIN' THINGS—

VERGING ON UNCONSCIOUSNESS, WASPLET WIGGLES INTO THE NOOSE... GENTLY THE HOODED WASP *TIGHTENS IT* —

THEN QUICKLY PULLS THE LIMP FORM UP!

AT THIS MOMENT, BABE, WATCHING THE FLAME STOKING THE FURNACE TO WHITE-HOT HEAT, IS UNAWARE SHE HAS BEEN DISCOVERED.

SHUT UP YOU SHE-CAT OR I'LL SNAP YOUR PRETTY NECK IN TWO!

UG...GLUB..BLUG UPH..GLUPH...

AH...WASPLET'S GIRL FRIEND ALL DRESSED UP IN A PRETTY NEW COSTUME. PERHAPS YOU MISS YOUR BOY FRIEND? LIKE TO KEEP HIM COMPANY? WELL, I'M ALWAYS GLAD TO OBLIGE..

THROW HER IN... HUH?...WHAT... HE'S... HE'S... WASPLET'S GONE!!

HE'S BACK TO PAY HIS DISRESPECTS TO YOU!

BUT NOT FORGOTTEN, FLAME!...

BRICKS, EH?.. I DIDN'T PLAY LEFT FIELD ON THE PLOW GIRL'S TEAM FOR NOTHING!...

OH NO!

YOUR GIRL FRIEND CAN'T SAVE YOU FROM THIS!

BULLSEYE!

EEYOW! MY HAND!

LET GO— LET GO WASP OR—

OWWWW!

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

OOO! OHHH! OUCH! THESE BRICKS HURT!

BUT THIS HURTS MORE, MY VICTIMS TELL ME!

UGGGHH... HAALLPP!

HONEY WASP! SLAM THAT DOOR SHUT OR HE'LL....

IF...I...CAN!

CRASH

ULP! THAT WAS CLOSE!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

AND SO ENDS THE FLAME'S BLOODY CAREER!

TO THINK THE FLAME ALMOST ENDED UP BEING CONSUMED BY THEM!

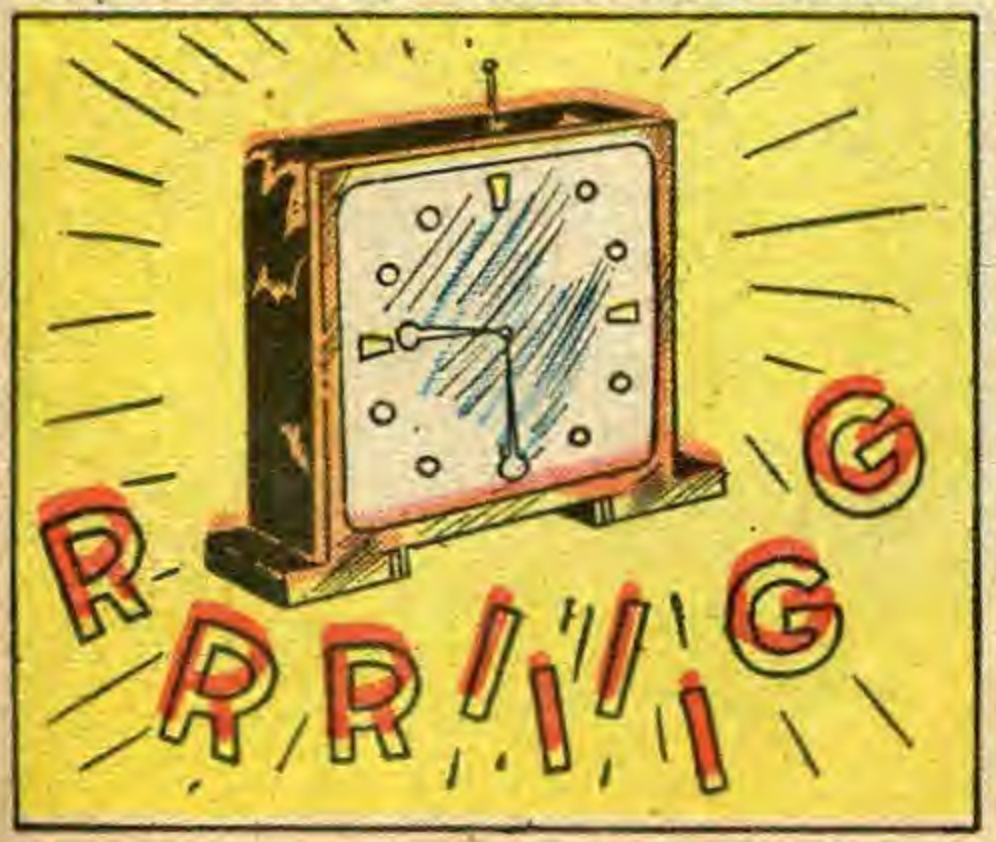
SOMEDAY, A RAT LIKE THAT'S GONNA END UP IN A PLACE WHERE THEY HAVE NOTHING ELSE BUT!

MORE EXCITING HOODED WASP ADVENTURES IN THE ISSUE OF SHADOW COMICS!

WE'LL GIVE YOU ... DOUBLE OR NOTHING

OVER THE LARGEST NETWORK SPONSORED BY ANY PRODUCT, FEEN-A-MINT PRESENTS FUN, FACTS, AND FRONT PAGE FEATURES IN THE ORIGINAL RADIO SHOW OF ITS KIND. THE FASCINATING GAME.....

..DOUBLE OR NOTHING... AND THE RING OF THE ALARM CLOCK BRINGS IT TO YOU EVERY FRIDAY EVENING AT 9:30 OVER THE MUTUAL NETWORK WITH....





.... MUSIC BY NAT BRUSILOFF AND HIS FAMOUS ORCHESTRA.....

ANNOUNCING BY ALOIS HAVRILLA





....STAR OF SONG, FRANK FOREST....



AND THE DOUBLE OR NOTHING QUIZ PILOT JOHN REED KING!

SO LET'S TAKE A SECRET PEEK BEHIND THE SCENES OF A REAL DOUBLE OR NOTHING BROADCAST AND SEE WHAT MAKES IT TICK







MR. JOHN SMITH OF BROOKLYN, N.Y.

GOOD EVENING, MR. SMITH. FIRST WE ASK YOU OUR SPECIAL RUNNING QUESTION THAT WE ASK ALL CONTESTANTS FOR A SURPRISE PRIZE.....





TELL ME MR. SMITH, WHAT DO YOU THINK IS THE NUMBER OF MACHINE GUNS MADE IN THE UNITED STATES IN 1942, ACCORDING TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S RECENT REPORT

ER... ER, THREE MILLION!

OKAY, AND HERE'S YOUR LITTLE ASSIGNMENT FOR THE EVENING. WE WANT TO FIND OUT IF YOU'RE COLD-HEARTED.....

.....SO HERE' IS THIS PIECE OF ICE TO HOLD WHILE YOU ANSWER SOME QUESTIONS

.....

TELL ME, MR. SMITH.... IN AN ICEBERG, IS THE GREATER SURFACE ABOVE OR BELOW WATER? WHAT IS THE FREEZING TEMPERATURE?..... NAME THREE NORTHERN EXPLORERS...

ER, ER... WAIT A MINUTE.... 32 DEGREES IS FREEZING... ER, PERRY AND BYRD ARE EXPLORERS.....

OKAY, YOU'VE WON YOUR MONEY ...I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE DOLLARS TO PUT THE ICE DOWN

MAKE IT *TEN!*

UNITED STATES WAR MAPS

NOW, **DOUBLE OR NOTHING**... DOES A MAN HAVE TO GRADUATE FROM WEST POINT TO BE AN ARMY GENERAL?

NO!

RIGHT! NOW YOU HAVE TWENTY DOLLARS AND YOUR DOUBLE-DOUBLE QUESTION IS: ROSTOV IS AT THE MOUTH OF WHAT RIVER ...I HOPE IT "DONS" ON YOU...

RIVER DON

RIGHT! AND NOW YOU HAVE *FORTY DOLLARS!*

U.S. WAR ST

WHAT A WAY TO MAKE A LIVING!

KHAKI-CLAD ARE YOUR NEXT TWO CONTESTANTS, JOHN REED KING, THEY'RE PAIRED AS OUR WEEKLY SERVICE TEAM ... HERE IS PRIVATE WILLIAM BROWN OF CAMP BLANK, AND PRIVATE HARRY GREEN OF CAMP WATT.



ALL RIGHT, GENTLEMEN .... HOW MANY MACHINE GUNS DO YOU THINK WE MANUFACTURED IN THE U.S. IN 1942?

FIVE MILLION

EIGHT MILLION



GREEN, I'M HANDING YOU THIS WHISTLE ... PRIVATE BROWN IS GOING TO TALK ABOUT ARMY LIFE, AND ANY TIME YOU THINK HE IS EXAGGERATING, YOU BLOW THIS WHISTLE!



WELL, WE GET UP ABOUT TEN OR TEN-THIRTY..... WE TAKE A HALF-HOUR TO GET DRESSED..... ..LIE AROUND MOST OF THE MORNING

TOOT-TOOT

TOOT-TOOT

TOOT-TOOT



BOY I'M ALL IN FROM BLOWING THIS WHISTLE!



THE SOLDIER BOYS WON SEVEN DOLLARS FROM THE INTERESTING FACTS REVEALED BY PRIVATE BROWN... IT WAS DOUBLED TO FOURTEEN DOLLARS... AND DOUBLED-DOUBLED TO... TWENTY-EIGHT DOLLARS

DOUBLE OR NOTHING USUALLY HAS A GUEST SPEAKER—ALWAYS AN INTERESTING PERSONALITY..... SUCH AS THE CONSUL GENERAL IN NEW YORK FOR THE REPUBLIC OF BRAZIL .....

THE **DOUBLE OR NOTHING** AUDIENCE LOOK FORWARD TO THE SPLENDID SINGING OF **FRANK FORREST...**

AND THEN THERE IS A GUEST CONTESTANT ...SOMEONE PERHAPS MORE WELL KNOWN THAN THE OTHERS, BUT WHO HAS TO TAKE THE SAME CHANCES TO DOUBLE AND DOUBLE-DOUBLE HIS MONEY

MUT

THERE MIGHT EVEN BE AN ILLUSTRIOUS GUEST SUCH AS **MISS BIDU SAYAO .....** BRAZIL'S GIFT TO THE METROPOLITAN OPERA .....

MI CIAMANO MIMI SI.....

THE ANSWER TO TONIGHT'S RUNNING QUESTION ABOUT THE NUMBER OF MACHINE GUNS MADE IN THE UNITED STATES IN 1942 WAS ... **610,000!**

AND SO **FEEN-A-MINT** RINGS DOWN THE CURTAIN ON ANOTHER **DOUBLE OR NOTHING** QUIZ SESSION... A PROGRAM WITH THE LARGEST COMMERCIAL NETWORK HOOKUP IN THE UNITED STATES.... UNTIL NEXT **FRIDAY** AT **9:30** OVER MUTUAL, THIS IS **JOHN REED KING** SAYING GOODNIGHT, EVERYBODY.... AND BE SURE TO LISTEN IN!

THE Shadow TRAPS DEVIL KYOTI!

STORY BY MAXWELL GRANT
ILLUSTRATED BY JACK BINDER

IN TOKIO--THE INSIDIOUS **BLACK DRAGON** CONFERS WITH MILITARY LEADERS AND THE SHINTO WIZARDS --

THE HONORABLE FAULT WAS YOURS, ADMIRAL DUNKO!

THESE FOOLS LET **THE SHADOW** FOLLOW DEVIL KYOTI TO ALASKA. WHAT WILL HAPPEN, CHIEF WIZARD?

TO YOU BELONGS THE HONORABLE DISHONOR, GENERAL HOKO!

FEAR NOT, GREAT DRAGON. NO ONE CAN BALK KYOTI IN HIS PRESENT FIERY MOOD!


MEANWHILE, AT HEADQUARTERS, SARGE STEEL AND THE REST OF THE TEAM HAVE BEEN ALERTED TO THE PRESENCE OF THE ENEMY.
THEY'RE HERE! I'VE GOT THEM ON THE SCANNER!
THEY'RE ON THE ROOF!
THEY'RE ON THE ROOF!
THEY'RE ON THE ROOF

COME ON, JERRY. WE'RE BAILING OUT OF THIS ZERO!

GOOD-BYE, NOTHING!

THIS MUST BE ONE OF THOSE FAMOUS SMOKING VALLEYS! HOW WILL WE FIND KYOTI HERE?

KYOTI IS LIKELY TO FIND US FIRST, SO BE READY!

THE SHADOW AND THE BOY AGAIN! I'LL HUFF AND .I'LL PUFF --

I CAN FACE YOU, KYOTI! THE SHADOW KNOWS! I CAN FACE YOU --I CAN FIGHT YOU --

BUT YOUR PARACHUTE CAN'T!

THERE GOES THE PARACHUTE --AND I'M A GONER, TOO!

STEADY, JERRY! I'VE GOT YOU!

HANG ON, JERRY, WHILE I TURN THIS NOSE-DIVE INTO A GLIDE!

KYOTI JUST FINISHED YOUR 'CHUTE, CHIEF!

HOW'S THAT FOR FINDING A LANDING POOL!

IS THIS WATER HOT! SAY-- THIS MUST BE A GEYSER!

QUICKLY, JERRY! ON SHORE!

BUT, CHIEF! HERE COMES KYOTI!! AND THIS TIME HE'S GOT US!

FOR ONCE, BOY, YOU'RE RIGHT!

BAH!

YOU WERE RIGHT, JERRY. IT IS A GEYSER!

A NINETY FOOTER! BOY, LOOK AT KYOTI GO!!

WITH ALL THOSE JETS OF STEAM, IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL WHICH IS KYOTI!

HE'S NONE OF THEM. HE'S GONE THROUGH ONE OF THE CRACKS, TO GATHER NEW FUMES FROM THE VOLCANIC PIT BENEATH!

SMOKY VALLEY

MEANWHILE I'LL BECOME MY OTHER SELF AND WE'LL TAKE THE FIRST TRAIN TO THE COAST!

FORTUNATELY, THIS IS A GASOLINE TRAIN. KYOTI LIKES TO RIDE IN LOCOMOTIVE BOILERS!

WE'LL HAVE TIME TO WARN THE PEOPLE BEFORE KYOTI FOLLOWS US!

THANKS FOR THE WARNING, MR. CRANSTON. WE'VE HEARD ABOUT THIS MONSTER DEVIL KYOTI!!

WE MUST TAKE PROMPT MEASURES TO RECEIVE HIM!

NO SIGN OF KYOTI YET!

WE'LL CLEAR EVERYONE FROM THE TEMPORARY VILLIAGE. DO YOU THINK WE CAN SAVE THE POWERHOUSE!

ORDINARILY, NO! BUT I SEE A REAL OPPORTUNITY!

MAYBE EVERY-BODY OUGHT TO GO OVER THAT MOUNTAIN TO ESCAPE KYOTI!!

SMOKY VALLEY

WE'VE FINISHED RUNNING THE PIPE-LINE, MR. CRANSTON.

GOOD. THE STEAM OUGHT TO WORK ITS WAY UP FAST ENOUGH. HOW ABOUT THE CHARGE OF T.N.T.?

RUNNING A STEAM-PIPE IN-TO THE MOUNTAIN --I DON'T GET IT!

AND NOW IT'S ALMOST DAWN-- AND HERE COMES DEVIL KYOTI!

COME ON, JERRY! HE'S GIVING HIS FIRST BLAST! WE'LL GET HIM ON THE INTAKE!

THAT'S WHEN HE'LL BE DOWN TO OUR SIZE!

YAH-HAH-HAH! BAH-HAH-HAH-HANZAI!

HI-HO, KYOTI, COYOTE!

GET AWAY, BOY! I STILL HAVE WORK TO DO!

NOT RIGHT NOW, KYOTI!

SAY, CHIEF --I THOUGHT I WAS THE ONLY PERSON WHO COULD WITH-STAND KYOTI'S DEADLY GAZE!

BAH!

YOU WERE, JERRY, BUT I'VE BEEN STUDYING THE METHOD YOU LEARNED BY ACCIDENT!

FOOLS! TO THINK YOU HAVE ME TRAPPED, WHILE I STILL HAVE FIRE!

THAT'S MOSTLY HOT AIR!

IT'S WHAT KYOTI WANTS RIGHT NOW!

WHEN I GAIN MORE FIRE, I SHALL RETURN AND DESTROY YOU BOTH!

SAY--HE'S TURNING THE ROOF OF THE SHACK INTO A BALLOON!

THAT'S WHERE THE HOT AIR HELPS.

AH! A VOLCANO!

THAT MOUNTAIN! I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS A VOLCANO! IT'S MADE TO ORDER FOR KYOTI!

HE ONLY THINKS IT IS. THAT SMOKE IS COMING FROM THE STEAM-PIPE!

THIS LOOKS AS GOOD AS FUJI-YAMA!

YOU MENTIONED T.N.T., CHIEF -- ARE YOU GOING TO BLOW THE MOUNTAIN LOOSE?

EXACTLY. ONLY IT ISN'T A MOUNTAIN, JERRY. THAT PEAK IS A GLACIER OF SOLID ICE!!

THIS ISN'T A VOLCANO!

AND WHAT'S THAT?

BOOM!

AI-AI-AI-AI-ICCCEEEBE! I HATE YOU VERY MUCH!

THAT'S THE BIRTH OF AN ICE-BERG, JERRY!

AND I HOPE IT'S THE DEATH OF DEVIL KYOTI!

UNFORTUNATELY, KYOTI IS INDESTRUCTIBLE, BUT FOR A WHILE THE JAPS WILL HAVE TO REGARD HIM AS ANOTHER FROZEN ASSET!

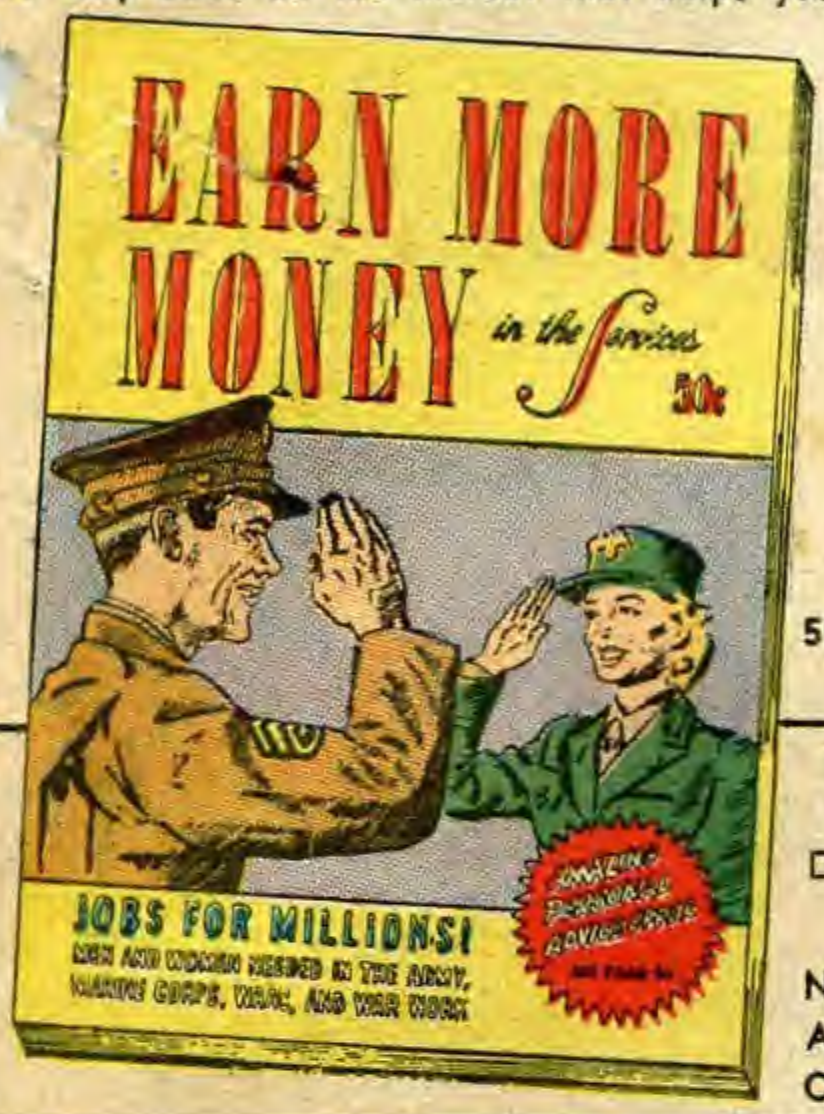
THIS TIME YOU PUT HIM AWAY TO STAY!

IMBEDDED IN THE ICY TOMB THAT HIS OWN FADING FUMES HELPED SEAL, DEVIL KYOTI IS OFF ON A LONG, HELPLESS VOYAGE!! WILL HE RETURN? WHO KNOWS? ONLY THE SHADOW!!

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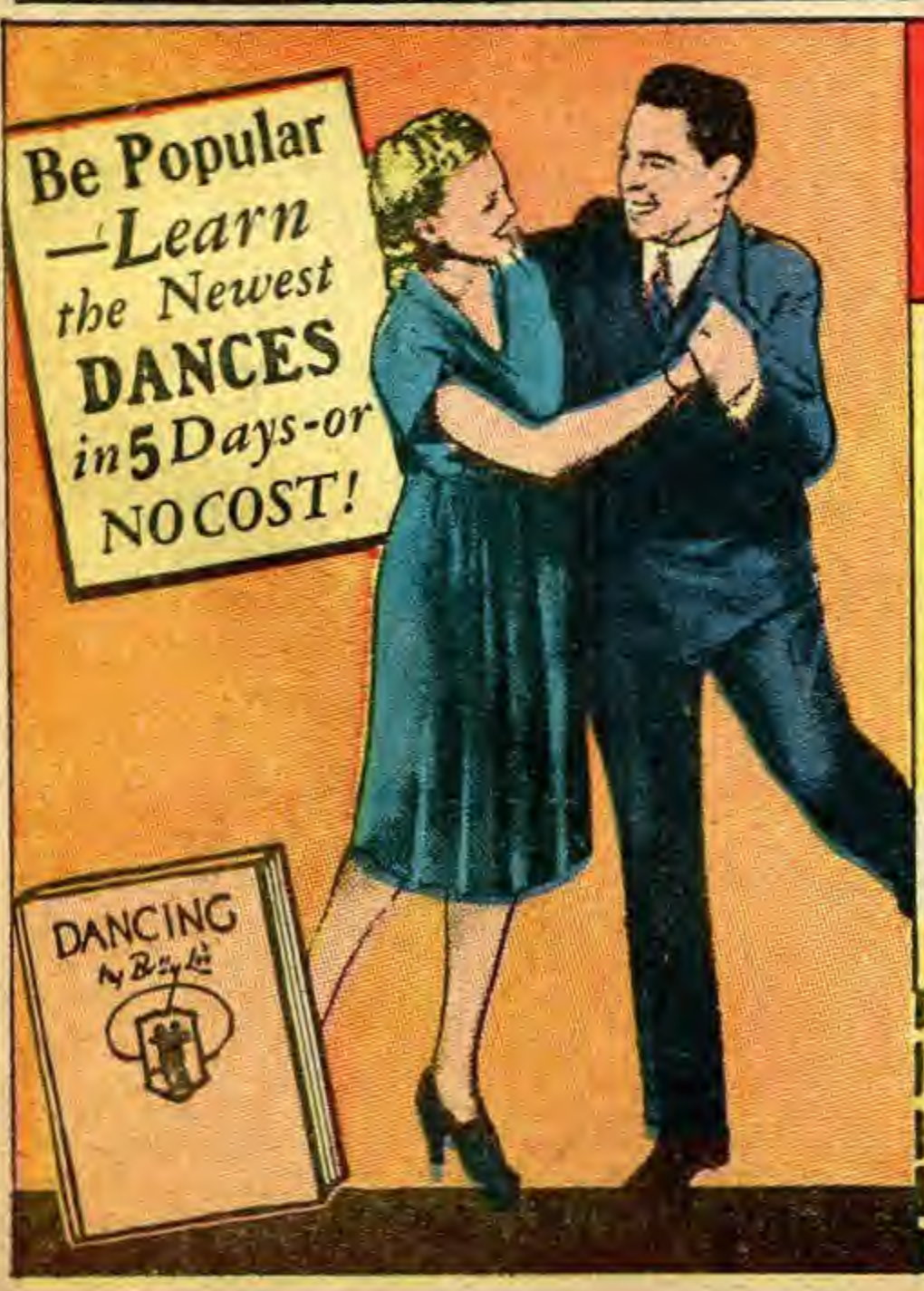


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Officer Ed Lacy, plain-clothes division, had been noticing the little guy for several Friday nights now. It occurred to the detective that the little guy was always there on Friday evenings, on the same corner, and he always seemed to be watching for something.

Unnoticed, Ed Lacy had strolled past the man a couple of times. He observed two details about the fellow that held his attention. The man had sharp, alert eyes that continually darted up and down the street, that appeared to observe the dozen and one activities that were constantly taking place along the busy thoroughfare. They were eyes that seemed to be restless, searching, watching.

The other thing was the hands. As the detective had swung around the corner this particular night, the man seemed to be making some sort of motions with his hands. He had noticed it last Friday night, too.

Dummy Nelson, standing there on the busy street corner, knew the copper had glanced his way a couple of times. Dummy Nelson knew the cop and he knew his beat. He had been checking on that these past few Friday nights.

He had also been checking on the exact time that Mr. Oliver, superintendent of the big Empire Building, right behind him, arrived here each Friday night from the bank down the street.

The bank was open on Friday evenings. Mr. Oliver always picked up the pay-roll money and brought it back to the office, preparing the various pay envelopes for the following morning.

Dummy Nelson's friend, Carl, had told him all this. Carl was an elevator operator right there in the Empire Building, and it was he who had conceived the plan of grabbing that pay roll. Carl had the whole thing worked out.

The stick-up would be a cinch, but—Carl pointed out—it couldn't be an inside job. Carl himself might be suspected. That's where Dummy Nelson came in.

Dummy Nelson was to wait there outside the Empire Building. Carl would give him the signal from one of the upper-floor windows. He would tell Dummy Nelson when Mr. Oliver was alone in the office. Carl would keep the sole elevator operator busy talking, while Dummy slipped up the stairway to the tenth floor. Carl would leave for the night. Later, they would meet.

They had a third partner in on the job. That was the fellow who was to drive the car.

The getaway car would be around there some place, and when Carl left he would check, and then wait on the busy street corner just across the street. He would give Dummy Nelson the location when Dummy came out of the Empire Building. That way, if cops should close in too swiftly, they could change their escape plans at the last instant.

But Dummy Nelson had insisted on checking for a few Friday nights, just to be sure.

Because Dummy Nelson's eyes were his greatest faculty. They were more keen than other persons' eyes; they picked up things faster. Because the Dummy was a deaf mute. He could not hear. He could talk, but he made guttural sounds that few people understood.

So most of the time he used the sign language. Carl understood the sign language.

Dummy Nelson's eyes were so sharp that he could catch the signal Carl gave him from a window several floors above the street. There was an electric sign on the building that would clearly reveal Carl's hands.

It was the same when Carl stood across the street, the way he would be waiting when Dummy Nelson hurried out of the building after the stick-up. They had even tried it out these past few Friday nights. A street lamp

TAXES AND WAR BONDS
BOTH ARE NEEDED FOR
VICTORY

...e corner plainly revealed Carl's quick-moving fingers. Dummy Nelson had been able to pick up the words.

He saw the dick disappear down the street, knew from careful watching that the copper would not be around here for another hour. At the same time, he saw Mr. Oliver coming up the street from the bank!

Now that the time was growing close, the Dummy felt himself becoming tense. He wanted to get the job over with. He waited, apparently just an idler on a street corner. Nine o'clock finally came, and still no signal from Carl.

Then his sharp eyes saw Carl's head appear in a window opening on the fourth floor. Carl was just revealed there for a scant moment, but light from the large electric sign plainly revealed his moving fingers. The Dummy got the message those fingers spelled out:

"ALL RIGHT. . . . OLIVER ALONE IN OFFICE. . . . NO ONE ELSE ON TENTH FLOOR AT ALL—"

Dummy Nelson moved quickly into the big office building. He saw swiftly that the one elevator that was still running was up on a call. Probably Carl's!

The Dummy slid into the fire stairway and started toward the tenth floor, his eyes alert for anyone using that same stairway. His was a world of silence, thus he had to be constantly on the alert with his *eyes*. But they had never failed him. He saw things split seconds faster than others.

He reached the tenth floor without seeing anyone, peered out into the hallway, saw that it was deserted. He padded down the corridor to the superintendent's office. Beyond the frosted glass of the door, he saw a light. Mr. Oliver was in there, just as Carl had signaled him!

Dummy Nelson opened the door and stepped inside.

The tall, gaunt man seated at the desk looked up, frowned, then jerked to his feet.

Dummy Nelson pointed the gun at the superintendent's chest and made motions for him to sit down again, in the chair behind the desk. On the desk itself was piled the money for the pay roll. The Dummy's sharp eyes had centered on it hungrily for an instant.

Mr. Oliver sat down. He was trembling. Keeping him covered with the gun that he held in his left hand, Dummy Nelson started scooping up the money with his right hand. He jammed it into his pockets. His unusual sense of sight detected the superintendent's sudden movement toward the desk drawer.

The man had his fingers on the gun in the top-drawer hideaway when Dummy Nelson hit him with the barrel of his own weapon. Mr. Oliver had come to his feet, but now he swayed. The Dummy did not want to shoot him. Other people could hear, and they would hear the gun, and that would be bad.

So he hit Mr. Oliver again. The man twisted around dizzily, trying to retain consciousness. Then he started toppling across the desk. The Dummy, with a start, saw the steel spindle that was on the desk. Mr. Oliver was falling right toward it!

He leaped, tried to catch the man before he struck the icepicklike object. But Mr. Oliver's gaunt, tall figure slid through his grasp. He landed face-down across the desk. The spindle point plunged right into Mr. Oliver's eye.

Mr. Oliver was dead!

Trembling, Dummy Nelson stared around the room, located the light switch, jumped that way. His only thought now was to get *away* from here, before anyone saw—

He snapped off the lights and slipped out into the long corridor. As he ran toward the fire stairway he became aware of a peculiar

vibration that he felt throughout his body. He was acutely sensitive to things like that, even though he could not hear. A loud noise, the backfire of a car would startle him, though he did not actually hear the sound.

He was conscious of the vibrating feeling as he plunged down the flight of stairs. He had just reached the bottom, was whirling toward the lobby doorway, when lights went out behind him on the stairs. Startled, he yanked open the heavy door that stood between him and his last means of escape. If anyone was out there, they might—

But the lobby was in complete darkness. Somewhere back in its depth there was the red glow of a light. A flashlight. Another appeared.

Suddenly, terror almost froze Dummy Nelson's movements. Those red-colored flashlights, and the vibrations that had affected him. . . . This was a blackout! *Sirens* were causing the vibrations! And in a blackout he couldn't *see!*

A man with an air raid warden's insignia on his arm tried to stop him. He flashed a red-shaded light into Dummy Nelson's eyes.

Dummy Nelson pushed him aside and started toward the sidewalk. It was like being awakened in the middle of the night, surrounded by complete darkness, being confused. Street lights, building lights, everything was in darkness.

Horror gripped the Dummy as he tried to see across the street. Carl was over there somewhere on the corner, waiting to give him the signal as to where the getaway car would be located.

But he couldn't *see* Carl. He couldn't see anything!

Someone seized his arm. Another warden! Another red-covered flashlight in his face! The man seemed to be talking angrily.

The other warden had followed Dummy Nelson from the office building. He spoke to the man holding the apparently frightened pedestrian. "I told him to remain in the lobby. He's excited. He's the kind that causes a panic in times like this!"

The two men forced Dummy Nelson back toward the lobby. He was struggling. A third figure appeared out of the blackness. He held a red light.

It was that shamus, that *cop!*

One of the wardens told him, "This crazy guy won't stay under cover. He's giving us little trouble!"

Then Ed Lacy saw the man, and the man's quick, sharp eyes, and he remembered how he had watched the man several times there on the street corner. The fellow seemed frightened to death about something.

Grimly, Ed Lacy grabbed the man's arm and ordered, "Inside, fella!"

Within the lobby, they met the elevator operator who had been on duty. The man was excited. He said, "There's something wrong! Mr. Oliver is head warden here in the building. But he hasn't come down! The blackout alarm sirens went off at exactly nine fifteen. It's almost twenty-five after now. He's had plenty of time—"

"We'll take a look," said Ed Lacy.

Then he glanced at the excited man he was still holding in his strong grasp. "I guess maybe we'll take this guy along with us, just so he won't go barging out into the street again. He might get into trouble!"

Dummy Nelson wondered what they were talking about. The bulking figures were grouped around him in the dim glow cast by the red flashlights. He could hardly see a thing.

Then they started toward the elevators, and he did not have to see. He sensed where they were going, and he remembered that he still had the pay-roll money jammed in his pockets, and there was nothing he could do.

They were going up *there!*

LOOSE TALK LOSES LIVES
THINK! BEFORE YOU TALK

THE LEGEND OF THE WAX WINGS

BY EUGENE L POLLOCK

Centuries ago, when the people of Greece believed in many gods, such as a sun-god, a moon-god, a god of war, a god of the sea, and many others, there lived a man named Daedalus with his son Icarus. He was a wise man who invented many wonderful things. He was the first Greek to put sails on a boat to make it go faster than it could be rowed with oars. He soon became one of the most famous inventors of his time.



A stone vase of Greece

One day a message arrived from the King of Crete inviting the inventor to come and erect a great building for a large sum. Daedalus packed up his tools and with Icarus traveled to Crete by boat. After long and hard work the great but strange building was finished. It was called a labyrinth (lab-i-rinth) as it had many passageways that twisted and turned in all directions. Unless one could read the secret markings on the walls, he would wander about for days and starve to death before ever finding the way out.

When the inventor asked for his promised pay, he, with Icarus, was thrown into the very jail he had constructed and told that he could never leave Crete as he was the only man besides the King who knew the secret of the building. For days Daedalus thought of a plan to escape. Finally, on a dark moonless night, he took the feathers out of the pillows upon which he and Icarus slept and melted some wax statues which had been left in his room. From the feathers and wax he fashioned four large wings. Two he fastened upon Icarus and the other two upon himself. Up to the roof they went and flew off into the sky.



Fastening the Wax Wings on Icarus

Daedalus warned Icarus to keep away from the sun so that his wings would not melt from the heat. The foolish lad refused to heed his wise father, and the sun melted the wax of his wings and he fell into the sea!

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WAR WONDERS

BY.... MONTGOMERY MULFORD

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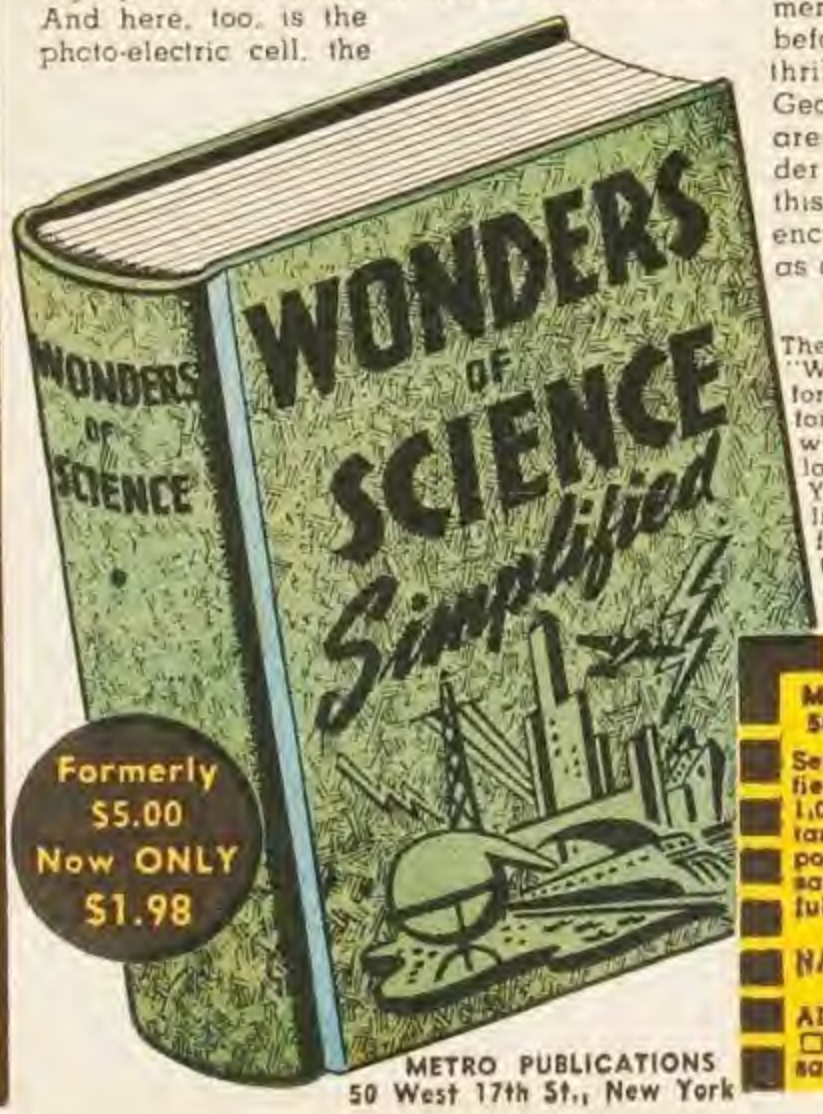
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